1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

One evening I started whistling when Mar and Gwiyap, two adolescents, were in my home. They told me to stop, warning me that ghosts would come if I persisted. I continued to whistle in order to discover what their reactions would be. They pleaded with me to cease and finally bolted for home.

A marked change takes place in a boy's reaction to *marsalai* when he reaches adolescence. At about the age of puberty he is initiated into the first stage of the yam cult.[24] He must first decide whether he wishes to join the *yenema* or *minjama* section. Although it is presumably up to him to make this choice, his father, older *brothers*, and *paternal uncles* exert considerable pressure upon him. It is their wish to keep the hamlet about equally represented in each section and they therefore see to it that such a balance is maintained by influencing the adolescents who are ready to make their choice.

After a boy has decided which section he will join, he is taken into the forest, where a rude hut has been constructed at a sufficient distance from the hamlet, so that women cannot hear. Here the young men of the hamlet who have recently been initiated meet to practice gong beating and flute playing.[25] Their practice is overseen and criticized by older men, the parents and *uncles* of the novices. On the first occasion that a boy attends one of these practice meetings, he is told that the sounds that he has heard as a child during ceremonies are man-made and not the voices of *marsalai*. He pretends to be surprised because theoretically he should not know what in fact he already does. He is also told at this time that he must not in any way reveal this secret to any child or female, and he is warned very seriously that the mere knowledge of the secret of the cult may kill such persons. Then, during sporadic meetings over a period of sev-

[24] Boys are sometimes initiated into the cult a year or so before physiological pubescence. It has seemed more expedient, however, to describe it in this rather than the previous chapter. This initiation should not be confused with the age-grade initiation.

[25] The spot for the camp is picked near a variety of tropical tree which has flange-like roots. These roots ring out when beaten and are used as a substitute for gongs.

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

882 794 • 533 eral months, he is given some instruction in gong beating and flute playing, so that he may show his prowess at the coming initiation. Most of the time, however, he watches those who have already been initiated, but who have not yet fully mastered the techniques, practice the complicated rhythms, and then tries to copy them.

882 796 794 776 [534] [302] On the day of the ceremony, the beating of the house tamberan gongs begins early in the morning. Meanwhile, the boy who is to be initiated prepares himself for the event. He carefully combs his hair and paints his face in the prescribed manner. About mid-morning he is led near the house tamberan by his sponsor,[26] who warns him that when he enters the building he will see the *marsalai*, who will be on an altar in the center of the dance floor. The sponsor especially warns the initiate not to look up at the altar too quickly lest the shock kill him. The lad is then left waiting with other boys who are to be initiated while the sponsor goes to tell the men already there that the initiates are about to appear. At this, the gongs, flute playing, and singing cease abruptly, and the men prepare to produce special sound effects to impress the initiates. The sponsor returns for his initiate and leads him up to the house tamberan. A screen of sago fronds hides the inside of the building from view. Gongs and flutes burst into a deafening roar as the initiate is made to stoop and enter an opening in the screen. The sponsor holds the initiate by the arm and dances with him around the altar. The men shout and dance around with them. The gong beaters and flutists play wildly. Someone just outside the house tamberan whirls a bull-roarer, and the sponsor shouts in the boy's ear that its sound is that of the wings of a *marsalai*. For the first two rounds the boy keeps his eyes fixed on the ground; then his sponsor tells him to look up at the altar, where there is a stylized representation of a human head carved from wood and painted with designs in black and white. The boy is told that this too is a hoax, that it is made

[26] I am not sure how a boy's sponsor is determined. In any case, he is a member of the appropriate cult section and of the parental generation.

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

of wood, but that the secret must be carefully guarded from the women and children. The sponsor then thrusts a roasted yam into the boy's hand and leaves him to dance by himself in the circling ring of men as he eats it.

The boy's dream of participating in the cult ceremonies is thus finally realized. From now on he may take his turn in the gong orchestra, taking care not to make a mistake lest he be shouted at and teased by the older men, and hoping to gain their praise for a perfect performance. Although adolescents are usually only permitted to beat the gongs while the simpler rhythms are being played, those who have shown a special aptitude during the practice sessions and who make no mistakes during their first few performances at the house tamberan may be permitted to try their hand at more complicated rhythms. Although few adolescents gain the skill necessary for a public performance on the flutes, they can put to use the secret dance practices of their childhood as they skip around the altar, their hands above their heads, their eyes on the wooden figures, and their bare feet rhythmically slapping the earth floor in unison with the other dancers. They may also join in the chorus which the dancers shout after each of the song leader's verses. Finally, they may squat with the adults as they drop out of the dance to smoke cigarettes, chew betel, and gossip.

The unfolding of the hoax of the cult does not destroy a Kwoma boy's belief in *marsalai;* it simply verifies his suspicion that the *marsalai* do not palpably visit the house tamberan at the time of the cult ceremonies. He still believes in the existence of these supernatural beings and does not doubt that they live in their special dwelling places and cause storms or "shoot" sago needles when they are disturbed. He is also impressed with the fact that these *marsalai* are responsible for a successful yam crop, and that the chief purpose of the yam cult ceremony is to insure their coöperation in producing a bountiful harvest.

An adolescent reacts toward his younger *brothers* in much the same way as he did during childhood. Indeed, a specific

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

A man who has attained high prestige in the community and, in addition, has taken the head of an enemy, is asked to join *Nokwi*, the highest stage of the yam cult, and he thereby receives the greatest honor that a Kwoma man can attain. If he is able to achieve this mark of status, the final mystery of the *marsalai* is unfolded to him. He is told that the booming rhythm that he has always heard at the *Nokwi* ceremony is not the footsteps of the great female *marsalai* in whose honor the ceremony is held, but is a sound made by a huge water drum.[28] A man plants yams for the first time on the occasion of his initiation into *Nokwi* and learns from the cult members how to solicit the aid and coöperation of the *marsalai*, which are believed necessary for a successful yam crop.

The yam cult, in addition to being a mode of ranking men in accordance with their attainments and of providing a means of gaining the support of the *marsalai*, is the primary institution for artistic expression. It has been shown how the child secretly learns to play the gongs, to sing, and to dance, and how during adolescence he is formally taught these skills, first in the bush house and later at the house tamberan. During adulthood men vie with one another in demonstrating their accomplishments in these artistic techniques. A man who is superior in one or more of them gains high praise from the community; people speak of him as a *harafa ma malaka*. At the beginning of each ritual the participants examine the carved wooden figures on the altar and comment on their excellence, those who have made them standing by to receive the praise. Men who are adept at carving may expend considerable time and effort fashioning and painting the formalized wooden heads and figures which are supposed to represent the *marsalai* of the cult, in order to have them so displayed.

Men who show a talent for gong beating have the opportunity during the cult ceremonies to play the most sophisticated rhythms in the orchestra, and those who excel in com-

[28] The water drum is a hollowed log shaped like a canoe, truncated at both ends, suspended in water so that the lips are submerged, and beaten by a pole wielded by two men.

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

796 posing rhythms become the orchestra leaders and may hum
794 out a new arrangement to be interpreted under their direc-
• 533 tions by the gong-players. "Let's try this one—'gading ga-
dong, gading gadong, kura kura, kura kura'," [26] he will say, and each player must know which part his gong should take and should be able to translate the words of the leader into the proper blows on the lips of the gong at the proper moment. Usually the leader merely suggests that a named rhythm be played, if the ritual permits such a choice, or, if not, simply directs the players. Good players are permitted to play only when the gong rhythms are the central part of the ritual, and the dubs and novices take their turn when the gongs are being used primarily to accompany the dancers, so that every member of the cult has an opportunity to per-
[554] form on the gongs at some time during the ceremony. While those who play well are praised, those who are clumsy and inept are teased, criticized, and ridiculed.

796 Dancing during the cult ceremonies also provides an op-
794 portunity for a man to gain status. He may be applauded
535 either for being a tireless, or for being a spectacular, per-
554 former. The man who can dance an entire night without ever sitting down to rest and smoke is spoken of as having "dry bones" and being "hard too much." Similarly, anyone who can join the dance with fervor when it is lagging and put new spirit into the performance is highly regarded. Once at a *Nokwi* ceremony, when a dance which had been going on for several hours had begun to lag, a man who had just arrived, adorned with particularly striking face paint and decorations, rushed into the circle balancing a spear over his head, stamping his feet on the ground, and shouting. The other dancers quickly caught his enthusiasm, the tempo increased, and loiterers joined in. Spectators shook their heads, smacked their lips, and allowed that he was indeed a man of parts.

794 Singing provides another means of self-expression during
796 the ceremonies of the yam cult. The men blend their voices
533

[26] This is actually a formalized gong rhythm known as "the cassowary" and supposed to represent a hen cassowary and her chicks.

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

in shouted choruses while they dance. The men of prestige sing the verses. One man will sing as many verses as he can either remember or compose and then announce that he is through by repeating the chorus, when another man continues. When no one can think of any more verses, the group dances silently until someone starts a new song. The man who can remember the most verses or who is most adept at improvising them gains considerable prestige.

Novices are not permitted to play the flutes during a ceremony, as this requires considerable skill. A pair of those who have learned one of these complicated melodies as a result of long, guided practice at the bush house are called upon to play the flutes when the ceremony calls for them. They stand facing one another each with a flute cradled over the left arm. One plays the big "male" flute, a large bamboo about seven feet long, and the other plays a "female" flute, slightly shorter and of smaller diameter.[27] Since these instruments have no stops and are therefore capable of producing only a few notes, the melodies are arranged so that the two flutes are played in series, thus permitting double the range of variation that would be possible if they were played in unison. This necessitates close coöperation between the two players, which apparently requires a great deal of practice to accomplish, and those who master it are rewarded with high praise.

The man of Rumbima hamlet who had gained most renown in the cult ceremonies was War. He could dance tirelessly though not brilliantly, he could lead a gong chorus, he was a skilled wood carver, and he could compete with anyone in the subtribe in remembering the verses of songs. The other men of Rumbima did not vie much with War, but put him forward as their champion against the high-ranking men of other hamlets. When a ceremony was given at Rumbima, it would be War who would arrange and direct it.

Even after a man has experienced the whole gamut of initiation rites, he still avoids the dwelling places of *marsalai*

[27] The "male" flute is about three inches in diameter; the "female," about two.

796
532 and told to whom they belonged. The two large ones belonged respectively
[123] to the "tultul" and the "lulusi" (pidgin for the native government repre
sentative and the village head man). We exclaimed over them and told them
they were "number one".

796 While we were being shown the figures a dance was in progress around
535 the alter. About half of the natives there were shambling around it,
[533] sometimes stepping from side to side in time to the beating of the gongs
[534] and sometimes merely walking, depending on whether or not the spirit moved
them. Sometimes everyone would be dancing; at all times at least two
of them were. The step was a sort of springy goose step, the beat emphasized
with a pause by the down-treading on one foot with the other in the air.
The raised foot was sometimes brought across in front of the other one, and
sometimes behind. In either case, the toes were pointed outward, and the
raised foot scraped along the ground. Coincident with the stepping, the
[415] body was twisted from side to side, particularly the shoulders. Practically
[276] all of the men held their betel gourds under their left arms and were
constantly dipping the spatulas in and sucking on them. Occasionally one
of the dancers would pick up a mat bag (empty except for a withe inserted
around its edge to make it stiff and fanlike), hold it above his head
either in one or both hands, and twist it back and forth in harmony with
the contortions of his body. The dancers would drop in and out of the dance
at will, have a rest, smoke, take their turn at beating the gongs, and then
return.

796 For clothes, the older men wore nothing except arm and leg bands
291 (and not all of them wore these); necklaces of dogs' teeth; shell; hair
301 ornaments of feathers and combs; or a combination of these. Most of the
"finish timers" wore laplaps or shorts; one of them wore a laplap over his

796 usual costume of an old bathing suit. The faces of practically all of
291 them were smeared with black paint, particularly on their eyebrows, and in
301 lines on their forehead. On some a narrow line of black was drawn along
[302] the hairline, framing the face.

796 In time to the dancing and the beating of the gongs, a chant was sung.
● 533 One of the dancers would start a short verse sung in a high monotone. It was spoken very rapidly, and I could not take it down very well. One verse sounded like yaguliguuliguuligo. At the end of the verse everyone shouted in chorus waa or aaa, with a prolongation and accent on the first syllable. It was shouted on a lower note than the verse; the second syllable was even lower than the first. After two or three verses, there was a longer chorus which started with aaa sung twice, followed by a sort of chant of wahowaho, dadohoha, or hahohowa that was sung on a higher note than those with the vowel "o". After this longer chorus, they would lapse into silence for a moment, and the gongs would stop beating; but usually after only a few seconds, someone would start another song. After one person had started a verse, the others would join in. Some people were dancing almost constantly, more fervently than others; everyone, however, participated at some time.

796 There were six large gongs (logs) ranging from about eight feet long
534 and two feet in diameter, to half that size, lying around the sides of the house. The logs had been hollowed out in roughly the same manner as a canoe although the shell was much thicker, and usually only one end was pointed and carved. The slit on top was about six inches wide and about
[532] three quarters the length of the log. The carving was a rough representation of a crocodile. The beaters were round pieces of wood about a foot long

796 and four inches in diameter. They were not ornamented. The usual method
534 of beating the gong was to stand at right angles to it, the right side of the body next to the gong, a beater held in either hand. The gong was pounded near, but on either side of the slit, the beater striking endwise. This method was, however, by no means universal, for sometimes the drummer would stand facing the gong, or sit on it and idly tap with the side of the beater. The most usual and accepted method was the former; the latter the most informal. There were also several intermediate methods.

796 The rhythm consisted of accented beats and unaccented beats in alter-
533 nation. At each gong one of the drummers would pound out the accented, another the unaccented beats. Further, each gong would produce the rhythm of one accented and three unaccented beats. These beats were alternated among the gongs so that the accented beat of one gong would fall on the middle unaccented beat of another gong. Thus -/---/---/--- and ---/---/---/ would result in -/-/-/-/, (total effect). The rhythm of the gongs was more or less followed by the singers and dancers. This rhythm was not the only one employed, and Tip says that even it is not right. That is something we will have to check up on.

796 We stayed there and observed until just before noon. The dancing
123 and singing had been continuous until this time and then the dancers stopped for something to eat. We all went out into the small clearing in front of the house tamberan. In front of us was a line of coconut trees and beyond that a short drop, and then the sago swamp. On our left was a path
349 coming down the mountain, and on the right, jungle growth. In the left hand corner of the clearing and on the further side from where we stood another construction had been built. It was a representation of a ship with a mast, laddered rattlins, and crabclaw sails represented by two

796 around a framework. At the front and back ends, tilting toward the center,
346 were two huge masks, about four feet long and a foot wide. They were
778 beautifully carved and painted in black, white , red, and green. At the
[532] top of each mask was fastened what looked like feather work, a semblance of
[237] hair. Capping this were plumes similar to those worn by the dancers themselves. The mask near the front was called asambwarí, and belonged to Waskuk (an old man of Waskuk actually owned it); the one at the rear was called abímakwa and belonged to Bangua (actually to the cicatrizer). The space between the masks on the top of the altar was covered with shell ornaments. A pumpkin seed shaped ornament of small cowrie shells fastened in rows on a woven or closely netted fabric was called sawímawí. Another was similarly constructed, but shaped as a crocodile, with two larger shells for eyes, and called no maski (no means crocodile). Plumes, cockatoo, pigeon, etc, were set in various
[535] places in addition to bit of yellow grass hung in bunches. Some of the dancers also wore this same yellow grass stuck into their arm and leg bands.

796 The front of the house tamberan had been hidden from view by a 6½' screen.
346 While it prevented the women and children from seeing the sacred precincts,
417 the men could and did stand up on the framework of the screen to look out onto the other side. The women and children were not to come until the next day, but some of the men, at least one anyway, were on the women's side. We did not dare look over the screen for fear of breaking some taboo.

796 After a few minutes, we were escorted to some seats (planks that had been
533 hewn from 2' x 6' x 8" logs, and roughly carved), and told that the singsing
[123] would begin soon. Some of the natives began to walk slowly and silently around
[352] the altar while the "lulusi" of Bangua, (one of the Kwoma hamlets) Sowinambi, began a verse in a high voice which ended in a prolonged o on the same note and fell off to a wí with shorter duration, on a lower note. This verse was answered from the other side of the screen in exactly the same manner, but with different words to the verse.

796 Finally everyone joined in and the o wi was repeated three times. After about
533 ten more minutes of this, the tempo increased and a wierd rumbling sound was
534 made by the beaters of the drums being scraped inside the lips of the gongs.
Then the dancers picked up flutes and blew them, and bull roarers were whirred
just outside the house tamberan. One man made a wierd sound by blowing a flute
inside one of the gongs. All these various sounds gradually increased in
intensity to produce a very effective climax which was capped by the sudden
beating of the gongs and a shuffling dance and chorus similar to the previous
session of the singsing. The verses were still being sung in alternation by
[177] the lulusi and the people on the opposite side of the screen. It was interesting
that one of the dancers had a ten cent store tin flute which he piped very
seriously while dancing and skipping about. Several of the dancers held their
hands above their heads and kept facing one or another of the masks and gazing
at it very intently.

123 During the dancing one of the "savvy talks" came and sat by us, told us not
796 to tell the "kiap" (Verey) where the three Waskuks who had run away from a
648 plantation were hiding. Verey had tried to get them when he came up with us, but
they 'went bush' and stayed there. I suppose some of them were at the singsing
and were afraid of being told on. We assured the "savvy talk" that we would not
give them away. We told him that we did not belong to the government but that
we belonged to the Waskuk. Tip said he was a Bangus and that I was a Waskuk.* This
pleased them very much and soon it was repeated to everyone.

796 Again, as for the previous ceremony, at about noontime they stopped for
264 food. There were two separate meals; one was of yams and coconuts, and the
262 other sago, grubs and pig. There seemed to be some kind of taboo working which
prevented some people from eating one meal and others the second. Some people,

* It is difficult to guess what was understood by this since Bangus was a neighboring hamlet in contrast to Kumbina, the one in which we lived, whereas Waskuk was the name of the tribe; we were under the impression at this time that Bangus was the name of another tribe.

some low, and each rising and falling in the range of a few notes. Sometimes the sounds blended and at others the effect was a discordant jumble.

When we got back to the house, there was a group of six or seven sitting around in front of the house, talking about the death. Wof, who had just returned from his yam planting, seemed rather more upset than the others. The dead man belonged to his mother's sib. Sof also remained with set face and working jaws. The rest were all laughing and joking and gossiping, and were much amused when a little later Tip and I started a pole vaulting competition.

In the morning the wailing continued. One of the natives said that it had gone on all night although we hadn't heard it. Occasionally the gongs were sounded. After breakfast, Mar said he was going to the funeral and asked if we would like to go. Tip and I had decided to split our work and to take turns going on trips, so I went with Mar. Gwiyap and Mey came too. They suggested that I carry the .22, so I did. When we had almost arrived at the scene of the wailing, a house near where the singsing had been held, we saw a pigeon. I didn't want to shoot for fear of disturbing the mourners, but the natives insisted that it was all right.

Wof and another man were sitting in a house next to where the mourning was taking place. They were looking rather sad. We sat down for a few minutes and watched the women wailing. They were sitting under the porch extension, shaking their shoulders slightly up and down as they sang. There did not appear to be any words. Only one man was there--Mweje, a dilapidated old fellow with a withered arm and a scar on his forehead caused by some disease which had eaten away the flesh to the bone. He saw us and becked us to come over. When I came up to them, several of the women stopped their wiling to greet me as usual. Soon afterward, the wailing stopped. Some children

346 bark at the foot of the mountain months before the final ceremony. Sago fronds are next cut and made up into 3' square shingles (ndup), which are stacked in piles around the clearing. The task of cutting and carrying [483] the materials is no small one. Many men are needed to lift and set the center posts in place. Some men push with forked sticks, others hold the pole in the hole dug to receive it, and another crew pulls on lines (wank/) fastened high up on the pole. The new house tamberan replaces an older and smaller one which stands stripped of its maretta inside the new one. The staging will stand until the ornamentation of the ends of beams has been finished.

196 346 "The day for the ceremony of dedication draws closer. It is finally set for the next day. The uninitiated boys sing and dance in anticipation, [202] for they will be allowed to go. The night before the maretta is to be fastened for good, gongs sound, giving official word to what everyone [533] seems to know already. In the morning the young men will fix the maretta [192] to the refrain of a hongwaswit (A leader sings a sentence and the workers answer with a long drawn out and falling owi.)

"As I approach, the young men are discovered perched like birds on the ridge pole. The hongwaswit reaches the coda. After singing three lines all together, the work is, for the time being, finished. I am told that this is a distinctly different singsing from the one we witnessed at the harvest [462] of the yams. Women are not present as the fastening is going on, but it [614] isn't taboo to them--merely men's work. All the sibs of Waskuk and Bangus are represented and seem to mix indiscriminately. The Waskuk lulusi, Marak is seated with a group of men in a little temporary house tamberan which houses the gongs. They tell me he is "cross" with the young Waskuk for joining the singsing so he starts one of his own with gongs in opposition.

796 This is a 'singsing nothing' (hongwaiiju). It seems to be a ceremonial
346 anger, for in a very few minutes I am told "he no got cross now", but the
[192] singsing keeps on in two groups, both singing different songs.

"Sowinambi comes up to me, taps his chest, and says, 'enji korumpé' (my sib). There are two hand prints on the first kwatá as high as a man can reach. These were made by Sowinambi who put black paint on his hands and left his prints, right and left--one hand for Waskuk, one for Bangus. [177] (This is an innovation introduced by finish-timers who have signed contracts with their fingerprints.)

"In the center of the new structure there are three wooden slat beds. Around one are gathered a half a dozen men who are holding a small ritual. There are three men who stand out as leaders: War, Sowinambi, and Hogwat, [539] representing the Rumbima, Wenyabenkura, and Dawus sibs respectively. Each of these three takes a turn and sing-speaks as fast as he can until he forgets, or gets tongue-tied, or stops. War and Hogwat throw themselves [535] into it more than Sowinambi who stands quietly. The former two dance and [533] sway and gesticulate as they lead. The others and a few sitting close by on logs sing the owi chorus. In the midst of this some of the 'finish timers' and older men are indulging in a little rough horseplay consisting of sprinkling lime over the singlets or bare chests of each other. Old wrinkled 'leatherneck' greets a middle aged man whom he sees sitting on a log, by approaching him and rubbing his limegourd on the other's jaw. The gesture is returned. Men are sitting in the house tamberan on sticks or logs because the ground is still soft and muddy. It has not been packed down by many feet as in the older house tamberans.

"At about two P.M. the sun breaks through the heavy fog which has held through the morning. Sowinambi passes the word for food to be brought.

765 Yesterday while John worked with Yat on sib history I went over the mountain to Wonyabunkura where the final burial of a man's second wife was being held. It was a cheerful gathering in marked contrast to the primary funeral of a Bangua man written of before. The ceremony has been going on for three days-- preparation of food by the women, breaking down the burial platform and burying the skeleton under the eves of her husband's house, etc., beating the gongs and blowing the flutes in the house tamberan by the initiated men. Much of this had gone on before we were told of the event. It was ten months to a year ago that the woman died.

In the morning a crowd of 50 or 60 men, women and children are gathered [124] at the widower's house. My informant and interpreter is Kar, of Rumbina, who has been up all night beating gongs. He is sleepy and hungry but is very [123] good at pointing out what is going on. The widower, Yafamangwiya, greets me cordially and dubs me naramboy. He sits on the ground just before his house. The porch is packed with women and girls all sitting and waiting for food to [262] be distributed. Men are busy laying out boiled sago bricks and pieces of roast pig on large breadfruit leaves. Yafamangwiya points out to me most of his relations and what he calls them-- also what I am to call them, until my [262] head is spinning. Then he leaves me to give his ruve (niece, in this case) a bite of sago, thus breaking the taboo which has been placed on boiled sago for this and other relations.

After each of the women has received two or three parcels of food amidst a hubub of advice from these men who are not taking part in the distributim, the party breaks up. The women and children return home while the men and [533] [534] semi-initiated boys run for the house tamberan to "fight the garamut" and blow the flutes. This is done, I am told, because the men are sorry for the woman who is dead. But they are all having a wonderful time expressing their

sorrow. Six gongs ranging in size from 4' to 10' to 12' are beaten with tremendous vim. Each man has two strikers, one in either hand. With the left they keep up a light and rapid beat while with the right they pound out the changes according to a prearranged score. From the discussions and hummings which go on before a round is played , I think that these may be made up on the spur of a new idea. The pair of flutes, on the other hand, plays duets which are stereotyped. Two duets that I have , rather simple ones, are said to represent the flying fox and a small white pigeon.

As for recording the garamut 'talk' and beating of the hand drums, we are at a loss as to how to record them. The rhythm seems like no rhythm at all and even when it is tapped out on a table we soon get lost in a maze of short, long and intermediate beats.

Our houseboys are serving as occasional informants so that we can get some sort of a comparative picture. John has done some work on language and I have a kinship system of sorts. The boys are not too long on memory but their wives are better informed. We are going to Yambon for a few days just before Christmas to trace down various connections with that culture which we have come across here. There are three or four other places around and about which we hope to visit. We have a plan which might be valuable to other field workers who might consider coming to New Guinea. This is to gather all the information that we can about places and cultures of this section of the Territory where work could be done. Mr. Eve gave us a good start with all that he knew at first hand.

We find so far that it is well nigh impossible to make appointments with informants. This is not because the men are lazy and sit about all day-- on the contrary they strike us as being an exceedingly industrious people. Too much so for the arm chair field worker. But then it's all to the good to beard them in their own dens if we can find them at home.

796 [534] sized trunk of a tree hollowed out and open at both ends. It is hung bottom up in the water and struck with a long heavy post yielded by two men.

The outline of another similar pit which has been filled in was seen beside the one now in use. This I was told had leaked badly. The new one has to be filled from any of several bamboo containers stuck under the *banif* quite often.

[346] [778] In the house tamberan there is the same alter set up in the center with a small amount of shell money, two stubby bamboo flutes, and a wooden [538] [532] trumpet on top. Above it rises a 3' carved wooden figure of a woman. This is the woman for whom the ceremony is held. There is also a secondary [614] figure under the water drum less important than the one on the alter. These two are sugiliwas of the tug sib (Bangus).

Between 30 and 40 men are present when we arrive in the early afternoon. [535] They are singing and half-walking, half-dancing around the water gong [533] counter-clockwise. The gong keeps up a steady boom-boom-boom with few [534] interruptions even when new beaters relieve those who are tired. The men drop out from time to time to smoke or to chat so that no more than half are dancing while we are there. Later on in the evening we are told this is not so; everyone is dancing almost continuously. But the sun was hot and there were still many men to come so it was being taken easily. Men from all of the Honqwem sibs are present and also a few men of Koriasi and [703] Koriasi Tangwishamp. Only four of these were "sevi talks". These four, [178] however, wore the regalia of a homicide which seems to point to the fact [554] that killing for prestige still goes on in spite of government prohibitions. [726] These men may have won their letter in the prearranged fight with a small hamlet of Koriasi about three years ago. Six of the latter, four of them women and children, were killed then. (We haven't got this story straight yet for we have only recently stumbled on it).

533 February 2, 1937. Yesterday the gongs started beating at Soubundura, and they kept up all night. Flutes played intermittently. The people at Bumbina said that it wasn't much of a ceremony--there was little excitement [171] compared to the Hohwi ceremony. The beat was similar to the Hdunkwi of [301] Yambon. The gongs were still going this morning, and several people went [302] by somewhat ornamented but without paint on their faces.

578 This morning while I was still in bed, I heard a scramble and then Fit ran down the path to his house yelling. He was chased by Hay who had a smoking firebrand in his hand and was beleaboring Fit with it. Later Hay came in with a cut on his forehead. He said that he had called Fit names, Fit had lost his temper, and sworn at him. He had rushed Hay while he was sitting down, and cracked him on the head with his fist. Hay had [522] scrambled up, grabbed a firebrand and threatened him. The spectators all thought it a good joke. Although Fit ran down to his house, there was no talk from the elders that I was aware of. Later Guiyap and I were talking about it and he asked me if we fought the same way. I said no, that we more often played at fighting that way.

838 February 3, 1937. I woke up this morning and heard the voice of Haw in 522 Wisep's house. They were kidding him about sodomy. It was treated in a joking manner. He denied it and accused Marur and Wisep. He said that Marur had been having sexual intercourse with Wisep for a long time--this brought howls of laughter. The joking went on intermittently through [123] breakfast. I told Marur to bring Haw to me, that I wanted to have intercourse with him. There was laughter, and Marur chased Haw, who ran away. Later Marur caught him and asked me if he should bring him now. I said, "No, he isn't big enough", but added that he, Marur, was about right. They laughed heartily at this, and Haw danced around Marur pointing his finger at him.

533 Namb and Yam began playing flutes after dark. May and Way were here. As soon as they started, Way spoke sharply to May and told him to come. They left for home.

114 April 11, 1937. I returned from the trip to Ambunti. Kar is still away at the bush house. The gongs were beaten at Wanya similar to the poison beatings. 685 [533] It turned out that someone had come back from the bush and found his house had been broken into, and he was making a fuss about it. Kwalump, Salakawa, Ambe, and War came up. Kwal told me that they had had a watokolai about the house breaking--nothing eventuated.

123 After supper I talked about Way, who, the day I left, had stolen a knife, 685 a "lap lap," and a big tin. I said that if he brought it back, it would be all right but that if he did not, I would take the case to court. They all agreed to the justice of this and for fifteen or twenty minutes talked over the question. "This is the behavior of a child, not a man. Punch him in the nose; don't be afraid of him." Then May repeated the evidence against him. He [648] had seen Way with the knife in his hand just before it disappeared. Then incidents were recounted of a previous theft of Way's; he had stolen a knife from the patrol officer when he was here, and the police boys had beaten him up. There was laughter and then talk of the time when the Germans owned territory, and Way was carrying cargo. He got tired and said he wanted to defecate. The police boy said that if that was the case to do it where he was. Way had tried to run away, and the police boy beat him up. This was told with great relish by Yat and Kwal and was followed by much laughter. The final indictment was that Way was not a man but a ghost (gamba).

May just came in saying that Wof was sorry that Way had stolen the long knife. "Way, im i no monki belong yu im i big felo man. im i no bilong muther felo bennis, belong Rumbiman dasal--fashion no good." (Way is not your child.

578 Yovalas came by and reported that last night there was some sort of fight at Sumus'Sumus. They were vague about it, but the upshot of it is that somebody burned someone else's house. Ovivap shook his head and said he thought there would be trouble.

829 Ovivap and Mas just voiced their disgust at the Yambon because they
787 defecated close to the house. Mar dreamed last night that "masta Bobbit" came and brought plenty of "lap laps," singlets, etc. and gave them to him.

Ovivap napped this afternoon and dreamed something about Mas and woke up calling to him.

533 April 19, 1937. Last night after I had gone to bed (about 9:30), the
202 Tangwishamps began beating their gongs. First there was a message on a
825 big gong, and then the rhythm was carried out on all the gongs: kuratum
789 kuratum kuratum kuratum kuratum kuratum kuratum kuratum kuratum kura kura kura. Soon afterward, this was repeated at Soubundura, and then at Afokolis. Then Kaya called out to Ovivap, who ran down to Rumbima, and Yat, Way, and Ovivap repeated the message. They were sending it to Wasamanj, a yunilawas (carved wooden figure) in the form of a crocodile, who lives in the sago swamp on the road between here and Tangwishamp. Wasamanj was responsible for sending the mosquitoes which had come up in a great swarm in the evening. There was such a swarm outside my net that their humming seemed almost deafening; everyone was restless and slapping and shouting. It is believed that the mosquitoes live in the belly of this marsalai and that Wasamanj is responsible for sending or letting them out. The gong message was sent out in the form of a threat, and not as a prayer. The pleasure of running down and playing on the gongs, as well as the irritation against the mosquitoes, definitely entered into the stimulus for the action. Wasamanj is a yunilawas of the Wanyi people.

Gongs

534 [796] [202] 534 322 [412] [192] Gongs, used particularly at the yam cult ceremonies, are also used for calling people and signaling. Any given person may be called on the gongs by beating the signal of his father's sib followed by that of his mother.

In making a gong, the figure head is worked first and then the body is shaped. Very little wood is taken off as a large gong is desirable. The center is chipped out with a long handled chisel (yonkwo) and the sides scraped down with a scraper (asf). The scraper is worked by two men. One standing who pulls the scraper up and down, while the other stoops holding the scraper tight against the wood. While this is being done, the gong is sounded every once in a while to determine the thickness of the planking.

533 [192] Gong rhythms (ka represents left hand intermediate beat; gadgng represents low gong; gadgng represents middle gong; gading represents high gong.)

nokwo ïaf

ka danga ka danga

donga donga danga gading

donga donga danga gading

dong gadong gading gadang

dong gadong gading gadang

nauréaip

gadang gadong gading

533

sky

gadang gadang gajong gadong gading gading

gadang gadang gadong gadong gading gading

o a o a i i

fovi togito

gading, gadang, gading, gadang, gading

umrivf

gadanga, gadanga gadonga, gadonga

gading, gadang, gading, gadong

gading gadang gading gadang gading gadang

nano

gadang, gadong, gadang, gadong, gadang, gadong, gading, gading, gading

gadang, gadong, gadang, gadong, gadang, gadong, gading, gading, gading

gadong, gadang, gadong, gadang, gadong, gadang, gadong, gadong, gadong

Songs, exhortations

539 Wail sung to mourn a death

533 hogwinamɨwɨffyevagɨt ahɨ — Who is looking for him?

764 gambe ge be sowahɨ — He is gone to the land of the dead.

afakw mete nɨ re ren hɨ — Father come and get him.

Wail sung to mourn a death

ewi hahɨhɨ — Mother come

nokwe ahɨ nahɨ — Give me sago

hogwi enhanahɨ — Give me meat

ɨlɨ hawahɨ — I am hungry

789 [792] Casting a spell (rambe menilio) is used to protect gardens from pigs and theft, to prevent rain, thunder, lightening, to quell the wind, etc., and for healing purposes.

789 539 533 Exhortation to mereslai to quell the wind. If all the snakes are killed, tied up and put in a hold, the wind cannot blow.

wɨnɨndɨrɨ sowigo	Kill the snake (a certain kind in each case)
nayawa sowigo	" " "
hoffma sowigo	" " "
hia hofi sowigo	" " "
verihof sowigo	" " "
nrumbɨrɨmbwajawɨ	Fasten him
nokɨ feritia jawɨ	Tie him up
kay wagawɨ	Put him in the hollow of a tree.

Magical verse to cure a boil

755
539
533

waíd kwiyé na foeo	Growth on breadfruit go away
mogwi na foeo	Breast go away
yatohé na foeo	Leg go away
tabag na foeo	Tobacco go away
krák na foeo	Penis go away
mandé aé na foeo	Testicles go away
hafohé né na foeo	Shoulder go away
uuvi né na foeo	Water go away

533 Songs are not only sung in chorus (hogwaliiu), but also with a leader
192 and chorus (hogwiseest).